

Charmed

by Suonymona

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Summary: What if Meowth's charm could grant wishes? \*NOTE: This fic is on indefinite hiatus.\*

## 1. New Assignment

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Here we go! My second fanfic! This one focuses on Team Rocket(who I \_don't own) and is somewhat more serious then the last one(and rocketshippy!). \_

\_

In this fanfic, J, J, B, and C are all 18, and M is 8.

\_Charmed\_

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\_by Jillypuff\_

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\_Rating: PG13\_

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\_Part 1\_\_\_\_

—

Jessie sighed and flopped down on the couch in their cabin. It had been a long day. Being electrocuted by a Pikachu three times in one day can do that to you.

In the chair beside her, James was eating onigiri and idly channel-surfing. \_How can he constantly eat so much and keep such a nice figure, she wondered. If she ate even half as much as James, she swelled up like a balloon.\_

—

On the floor, Meowth was playing with a ball of yarn. Jessie smiled. \_He likes to pretend he's all tough and nasty, but he's a softie at heart, she decided. \_Not that I'm much better. She let out a sigh.\_\_

—

James looked up from the TV. "Something wrong, Jess?"

She smiled at him and shook her head. "Nah. Just tired." She stood up. "I suppose I should feed the PokÃ©mon now. They all got a workout today, considering that scrawny little girl's Psyduck finally evolved."

The bishounen nodded and handed her his PokÃ©balls, containing Weezing and Victreebell. Jessie put them on the counter next to her Arbok and Lickitung. She looked over at Meowth. "You hungry, furball?"

"I ain't a furball!" Meowth yelped, glaring at her. He thought for a second. "And yeah, I am."

Jessie laughed and released the others from their balls. She went over to the cupboard and pulled out the PokÃ©chow. "Dinner, guys!" They all crowded round her, begging for food. This just made her laugh harder. "Hey, calm down! You'll all get your share!" The Rocketeer laid out the dishes and poured them their food. The cobra, gas ball, flytrap, cat, and...tongued thing all started munching.

Jessie looked at her partner. "What about you? You filled up on onigiri or should I make us some soup?"

James' eyes lit up. "Soup is good," he chirped. The sound of his voice made Jessie's heart melt. \_He's just like a little boy, she thought. All she said was "'k, just wait a coupla minutes." She went over to the oven and started supper for them.\_

—

\* \* \*

\_She works too hard, James thought, studying his partner. \_Between that damn Pikachu and trying to take care of us...He frowned. He really wanted to help more around the cabin, but he had no idea how to cook or clean. His parents and Jessiebell had declared it "improper" for a man of his station to dirty his hands with such labor. He hadn't even been allowed to walk Growly, let alone do any real chores. \_

—

And he wasn't any more helpful at work, either. Whenever they came

close to catching Pikachu, it was always Jessie's or occasionally Meowth's plan. He just stood there with his rose, ordering Weezing to use Smoke Screen or being eaten by Victreebell. It was Jessie that did all the real work...

Jessie. God, he wanted to tell her how he felt. He almost had once, too, after the incident with Jessiebell when Jessie and Meowth thought he had abandoned them. The words were on his lips when Meowth interrupted because they had forgotten him. By the time the cat had shut up, James had lost his courage. \_Besides, he thought,\_ she deserves better than me.\_

—

\_ The videophone rang, distracting him from his chain of thought. Behind him, he could hear Jessie cursing as the sudden noise caused her to spill hot soup on herself. "James, get it," she hollered.\_

—

"Sure, Jessie," he replied. He ran over to the videophone and pressed the "on" button.

It was the boss. James always felt a chill run down his back when he saw the man. The boss, or Giovanni as he was known to the public world, was a truly evil sonovabitch, and you could see it in his eyes. He was seated at his desk, stroking the Persian that had replaced Meowth as top cat.

"James," he rumbled. "Call the others over now."

"Yes, sir," James said quietly. He turned to call the others, but saw that they were already hastening over. Jessie made her way there first, and stood at attention in a perfect pose that was marred only by the soup stain on her shirt. Behind her, Meowth bounded, with a few crumbs still on his whiskers. He sat at their feet, hissing under his breath when he saw the Persian.

"Good. You are all here. I have a temporary reassignment for you. There is a mansion in Celadon City that has a large Pokémon library on its third floor. I want you to go there and bring me back the books. Is that clear, or is even this mission too hard for you incompetent fools to carry out?" the boss asked harshly.

"No sir, we're up to it. We'll have the books for you in three days," Jessie replied crisply.

"You had better," Giovanni warned. The phone went dead.

\* \* \*

In Celadon, the librarian let out a huge sigh and started to close up the place. It was 8:00 at night, and he wanted to go home and get some sleep.

As he was about to lock up, he saw a pretty young girl with short purple hair and green eyes prance over to the front steps. She was wearing a cute miniskirt and blouse, and looked to be a student from nearby Pokémon Tech or some such school.

"Um, excuse me," she said in a ditzzy tone. "Mind if I go in and check out some books?"

"Sorry, miss," he replied. "The library's closed."

Her big eyes wavered. "But I really need to borrow some books!"

The old man shrugged. "You'll have to come back tomorrow."

The girl did not seem to want to wait. She grabbed on to his shirt and started tugging.

"Please!" she sobbed. "I really and truly need to study! Can't you help?"

The librarian was not comfortable with this situation at all. He attempted to remove her hand from his shirt, but that just caused her to throw her arms around his neck. As he tried to pull his neck from her grasp, he felt a pressure applied to the nerve in his neck. The last thing he saw before falling unconscious was the girl shoving him aside with a smirk on her face. With a voice that belied her seeming age and gender, she laughed "Sweet dreams, sucker."

Then, he knew no more.

\* \* \*

James brushed himself off. He hated having to crossdress, but better that he took the risk than Jessie. After all, not all men were as wussy as he was.

He pulled out his walkie-talkie. "Flame, come in. This is Red Rose. The custodian's out. Are you and Top Cat ready? Over."

His receiver crackled to life. "This is Flame. Yes, we're all set. I don't see anyone else in the library. Let's move."

James smiled and picked up the custodian, who had obviously had one too many donuts this morning--god, I could go for a donut right about now, he thought--and could stand to go on a diet. Groaning, he lugged the man inside and tied him up. As he was finished, he felt someone tapping him on the shoulder. James jumped almost a foot in the air. "Wha-?"\_

—

"Calm down, it's me," a familiar voice soothed. He turned to see Jessie standing there, dressed all in black, with her beautiful red hair hidden under a skullcap. She eyed him. "Nice outfit, James. What did you do, steal my old Pok mon Tech uniform?"

He felt himself blushing. "Well, it was better than my bikini, which was the only other article of female clothing I could find that was clean."

Jessie laughed and clipped two black Pok balls off her belt. "Here's Wheezing and Victreebell." She tossed the balls to him, then pulled out a third. "Here you go, furball."

The ball opened to reveal an extremely indignant Meowth. "I hate those things!" he howled. "And don't call me furball!"

"Shhhhh!" James hissed. "C'mon, let's just get the books and scram."

Part 1 is done! How was it? All comments, including flames, are appreciated. Send them to me at [jillypuff@cheerful.com](mailto:jillypuff@cheerful.com). Part 2 will be out as soon as I can, seeing as I am starting work on two one-shots and a series, all Pok  mon.

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## 2. Secret

> <meta name="ProgId"> Charmed

\_Charmed\_

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\_by Jillypuff\_

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\_Rating:PG13\_

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\_Part 2\_

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"We got 'em!" Meowth yowled cheerfully.

"Of course we did!" Jessie smiled. "Don't we always when Team Twerp's not around?"

"Yep!" James agreed cheerfully, then cocked his head. "Except when we don't."

Jessie whacked him over the head. "Shut up, James!"

Team Rocket had just returned from a successful mission to Celadon to steal books from a respected Pok  mon library. The trio were now relaxing in their cabin, enjoying the long absent feeling of victory.

"So...what books \_did we get, Jess?" James asked.\_

—  
Jessie shrugged. "Dunno. Let's see." She began to peruse the books. "Hmmm... \_Elemental Types... didn't we read that at PT, James?"—

—  
"We were supposed to," he offered. "Maybe that's why we flunked."

—  
\_ "Maybe. What else?... \_To Be a Master...we should give this to the twerp!... \_PokÃ©mon Crossbreeding... eeewwwwww!... \_101 PokÃ©mon Recipes... I'll look through this one later... \_Pokemon Master... ooh, I love this book!\_\_\_\_\_ (Jillypuff: Me too!)... hey, what's this?" The Rocketeer picked up a thick red book about the size of a dictionary. The words \_PokÃ©legends was inscribed in gold on the cover.\_\_\_\_\_

—  
"I think it's a book," Meowth said helpfully.

He was whacked over the head with the book by Jessie. "I \_know it's a book, furball!"—

—  
Scratch marks appeared on Jessie's face. "Don't call me that!"

"Hey, quit it, you two!" James said. He took the book and started to flip through it. "Hmmm...it seems to talk about PokÃ©mon legends."

"As I could gather from the title," Jessie said dryly. "What kind of legends?"

"Oh, lots of diiferent ones. There's a section on the Legendary Birds, one on Mew, one on the Clefairyies, one on more common PokÃ©mon...Hey! Let's see if our PokÃ©mon are in here, Jessie!"

His partner grinned and snatched the book from him, both ignoring the nervous look on Meowth's face. "Arbok...Arbok...here we are! 'Arboks shed their skin every year. Their castoff scales supposedly bring good luck.' Ha! I still have all of Arbok's skins since he was an Ekans, and they didn't bring us any good luck!" She tossed the book to James. "This book is crap."

James shrugged and continued to look through the book. \_It can't hurt to keep looking anyway, he reasoned.\_

—  
How wrong he was.

\* \* \*

A few hours later, Jessie was trying to take a nap while James continued to read through the book. Meowth had left with the other PokÃ©mon, claiming they was going to get some dinner.

Suddenly James paused and looked up. "Jessie!" he yelled. "Come look at this!"

Jessie muttered something unprintable and walked over. "What is it \_now, James?"\_

\_

"Read this," he said, holding out the book.

Jessie sighed. \_Best just to humor him. "Sure," she said wearily, and took the book from his hands. As she read the section, her eyes grew wider and wider. She put the book down. "James, do you know what this \_means?"\_\_

—

"We'll be rich!" he grinned. Then his face darkened. "But where is..."

"They went to get dinner," she answered.

"But wasn't that a few hours ago?"

Jessie swore under her breath. "They should have been back by now. We better go find them." She grabbed their jackets and tossed James his. "Let's go."

The two ran, leaving the book forgotten on the floor. It sa there for a few minutes, undistubed. Then a lone Rattata ran over and sniffed it. Satisfied, it scurried over the book, leaving a dirty footprint over one line that read "...has the ability to grant three wishes..."

To be continued...

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### 3. Runaway

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\_by Jillypuff\_

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\_Rating: PG13\_

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\_Part 3\_

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Meowth stretched. It was a beautiful night out in the forest, and all the stars were out, but the cat took in none of it. He was walking around with Arbok, Lickitung, Wheezing, and Victreebell, supposedly looking for dinner. However, the others were starting to get suspicious.

"It'ssss been three hourssss already, Meowth!" Arbok hissed. "We've all eaten except you. Jussst find a Pidgey and be done with it!"

"Well, I'm pickier than you," replied Meowth primly. "I won't eat just any Sandshrew that crawls my way. Do you even know where that thing's been?"

"The ground?" guessed Wheezing.

He was smacked with a Vine Whip by Victreebell. "Shut up, gas ball! And quit stalling, cat. I want to go home!"

Lickitung rolled her eyes. "Please, plant food. You hate it there! Why else do you keep trying to eat James' head?"

"I hate him!" snapped the flower.

"But he's Master!" said Wheezing, aghast.

"He's not \_my master! He stole me!\_"

—

"ENOUGH!" yelled Arbok. They all stopped and looked at him.

"Good. Now Meowth. What the hell issss going on?"

Meowth dug his paw into the ground. "Well..." \_How am I going to explain this?\_

—

\_ But as it turned out, he didn't have to.\_

—

"Prepare for trouble!"

"And make it double!"

Meowth winced. \_Damnit!\_



—  
"To protect the world from devastation!"

"To unite all peoples withmmmmmmpppph! Mmmmeellllpppph!"

The motto was broken off in mid phrase as Victreebell attached itself to James' head.

"Mmmelllppph mmuhhhh, Essssehhhhh!" James yelled, frantically trying to pull the plant off his head.

Jessie ran over and pulled a Pokéball off his belt. "Victreebell, return!" The flytrap was pulled inside, and the Rocketeer turned to the others. "Arbok, Lickitung, return." They dutifully entered their balls.

"You too, Wheezing," the bishounen said wearily. The gas cloud too entered his ball.

"And as for you, Meowth..." The pair turned to their partner to see him running on all fours as fast as he possibly could away from them. He felt his heart pounding in his chest. \_Gotta get out of here...\_

—  
Jessie pulled one last ball from her belt. This one, instead of the red-and-white colors of a normal Pokéball, sported the blue-and-black of an Ultra Ball.

"Return, Meowth!" She threw the ball with pinpoint accuracy at Meowth's head. It opened, and he felt himself being pulled in.

His last thought as he dissipated into energy was \_Crap...\_

—  
\* \* \*

Jessie walked over to the Ultra Ball. It violently shook for a few seconds, and then the light blinked off. A success.

"Got him," she said, smiling mercilessly. "C'mon James, let's go back to the cabin. We can deal with Meowth there."

"Ok, Jess," James nodded. He made a face at the Ultra Ball. "I can't believe Meowth never told us about this! How could he be so selfish?"

"I dunno." Jessie shrugged and patted the ball that contained Meowth. "I'm just glad the boss gave us Meowth's Pokéball."

"Shouldn't we tell the boss about this?" James queried.

His partner looked at him like he was insane. "Are you \_kidding? No way! We'll hide the book and send him the rest. He won't know the difference."\_

—

"Yeah, I guess you're right," James agreed. He extended his arm out to his friend. "Let's go home and get some sleep. We'll take care of Meowth in the morning."

Jessie smiled and took his arm. "Sounds good to me." The two walked back in silence, giving James time to think. He felt guilty for doing this to Meowth. He knew how much his friend hated his PokÃ©ball, which is why they never used it.

\_Well, it serves him right for being selfish then, he consoled himself as they entered the cabin. \_How could he not share something like this with us?\_\_

—

Still, it didn't feel right.

James shook off his misgivings and gave Jessie a quick peck on the cheek. "Night Jess."

"Night James," she replied. "Sweet dreams."

"You too," he told her, and climbed into his bunk bed. He had the high one, because of Jessie's fear of heights(mostly roller coasters, but any height in general set her off.) Trying not to think of Meowth, he drifted off to sleep.

To be continued...

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#### 4. First Wish

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\_by Jillypuff\_

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\_Rating: PG13\_

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\_Part 4\_

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Jessie woke up the next morning, feeling refreshed and excited. This was it, the day all their dreams would come true!

She climbed up the ladder to James' bunk, where her partner lay sleeping.

"James," she called out and shook him. "Wake up! James!"

James did not respond, remaining asleep. He was sweating and shaking in his bed. \_What's wrong with him? Jessie wondered.\_

—

"No, Jessiebell, go away," he moaned in the depths of sleep. "Growlie! Help me, oh God, \_help me, HELP!\_"\_

—

James sat straight up and almost knocked Jessie over in the process. His eyes were wide with terror. The young woman grabbed her friend so as not to fall over. Once she regained he balance, she started shaking him.

"What is your \_problem, you big ninny! You almost smashed my head in on the floor!" she shrieked.\_

—

The bishounen looked away, not daring to meet her eyes. "I'm sorry, Jess," he said meekly. "I had a nightmare."

Jessie instantly felt pity for him. She was way too hard on him sometimes and she knew it. Her expression immediately softened.

"It's okay," she said gently. "Listen, I'll make us breakfast, then we'll let Meowth out of the ball and deal with him, alright? Just think, we'll never have problems again after today!"

He smiled. "That'll be nice."

She smiled and ruffled his hair. "Let's go, then! How do pancakes sound?"

James took her hand, making her blush slightly. "Sounds great to me." The two climbed down the ladder and went to the main room.

\* \* \*

Emptiness.

That was the best word to describe what it felt like to be in a PokÃ©ball. It was empty and cold and lonely in there, with only his thoughts to keep him company.

\_This is the worst thing that could ever happen to me, he thought miserably. \_Except maybe evolving. Better to be trapped in a ball forever than be a Persian. Never met the Persian that had a heart, cause there ain't no such beast. They stole my love and my master

from me. I hate them...\_\_

—

\_ And so his thoughts rambled on for what seemed an eternity, until finally he felt himself reforming on the cold wooden floor of the cabin, looking up at Jessie and James, his partners and supposed friends.\_

—

"What do you want?" he sneered at them. He attempted to appear tough, but his trembling belied it.

"You know what we want, furball," Jessie said coldly. She and James were dressed in their normal uniforms, with only a speck of syrup on James' nose to detract from the image. "Why don't you make this easy on all of us?"

Meowth's ears flattened against his head, showing his anger and frustration. "I don't know what you're talking about," he replied. "And for the last time, I am not a furball!"

The female Rocket sighed. "Fine, if that's how you're going to be," she said, sounding tired. She turned to her companion. "James, read to our dear friend and partner what we found in the book."

James nodded and fetched the thick tome from the table where they had left it. He flipped it open to the common Pokémon section, and thumbed through it until he reached the entry on Meowths. Then he began to read.

"Meowths are common Pokémon of the normal type most often found in fields or near civilization. They are often domesticated by humans for pleasure and fighting.

"Meowths have only one truly unique capability, relating to the charm on their heads. Each charm has the ability to grant three wishes to the human who places their hand on the Meowth's head. After three wishes, the charm becomes dormant, moving the Pokémon on to its next stage." James looked up from the book with a hurt expression on his face. "How could you do this to us, Meowth? How could you keep such a big secret from us? Aren't we friends?" He looked like he was about to cry.

Meowth felt exasperated. "Yes, we're friends, so quit whining! At least we were before you stuck me in that goddamn ball!" He glared at Jessie as he said this.

She appeared unaffected by the cat's ire towards her. "We couldn't let you get away," she replied. "Now why didn't you tell us about this sooner?"

The Pokémon sighed. \_They won't understand, he thought to himself. "Because then you would've used the wishes."\_

—

"Ummm, yes. That's sort of the point, Meowth," Jessie said, looking confused.

"Don't you get what 'movin' on to the next stage' \_means?" Meowth demanded angrily.\_

—

James cocked his head. "We get a spinoff?" The other two just stared at him. He wilted. "You know, like a stage for acting?" They continued to stare. He wilted further. "Never mind," he muttered.

Meowth scratched him across the face. "That ain't funny, you nitwit!" he screamed in James' ear. "You wanna know what movin' on means? Movin' on means \_evolving! As in me turning into the PokÃ©mon I hate most in the world! A f\*\*\*ing Persian! \_That's what movin' on means." The cat sat down on the floor, panting hard from all the venting. He looked up at them. "\_Now do you get why I didn't tell you?"\_\_\_\_

——

The two humans stared at him for a minute. Meowth's spirits raised. \_Maybe I got through to them. Maybe they'll leave me alone.\_

—

But his hopes were dashed as the woman to his right began to laugh.

\* \* \*

James glanced over at Jessie, startled as his partner started laughing at the small PokÃ©mon seated at their feet. \_What can she possibly find humorous about this? he wondered.\_

—

The cat PokÃ©mon also stared at her incredulously. "You think this is \_funny?!" he snarled.\_

—

Jessie smiled at him, her laughter dying down. "Is that all you were worried about, Meowth?" she asked.\_\_\_\_

—

He started sputtering. "Is that \_all? This is a big deal! This is important!"\_

—

The Rocketeer picked up Meowth and began stroking his fur. "Silly cat," she murmured. "No one's going to make you evolve. We can just use two of the wishes and leave the third one. That way, we're all happy. We can get our wishes, and you can stay a Meowth."

James felt his jaw drop. "I would have never thought of that," he muttered.

"It's brilliant!" yelled Meowth. He jumped out of Jessie's lap and started dancing around the room. "I don't have to evolve! I don't have to ev-" The Pokémon suddenly stopped in mid-skip, looking upset.

"What's wrong, Meowth?" Jessie inquired.

"What about Giovanni?" Meowth asked miserably. "If he finds out, he'll use all the wishes for himself! He doesn't care that I don't want to be a Persian. And he'll kill you two for keeping this from him."

Jessie sank down in a chair. "I didn't think about him," she said numbly. "We stole the books for him. If he finds out we kept one this important from him..." She didn't finish the sentence. She didn't have to.

\_Damn it! James cursed to himself. \_Just when we were this close to getting everything we wanted, our stupid boss...James stopped in the middle of his thought. Their boss was the problem, as he often was for them. Giving them impossible assignments, crappy pay, dumping Meowth for Persian, and many other incidents made him an awful employer. And it's not like they could leave Team Rocket. No one did that. Not alive, anyway.\_\_

—

But now they had an alternative.

"I know what to do," he announced.

The other two looked up hopefully at him. "What?" Jessie asked.

"Easy," he replied. "Our boss is the problem, right?"

"Right," Meowth agreed.

James grinned. "What if he wasn't our boss anymore?"

Meowth looked at him blankly. "Huh?" he asked.

But Jessie had gotten what James meant. A huge smile began to dawn on her face. "If Giovanni suddenly retired from Team Rocket..." she started.

"...And left his white team in charge," James finished. "Would you like to do the honors, my dear Jessica?"

"With pleasure, my darling James," she replied. She walked over to Meowth and picked him back up. Placing her right hand on the charm on his forehead, she said in a strong, clear voice:

"I wish that James, Meowth and I were the leaders of Team Rocket."

And the charm on Meowth's forehead flashed.

To be continued...

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## 5. Success

> <meta name="ProgId"> Charmed

Charmed

\_by Jillypuff\_

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\_Rating: PG13\_

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\_Part 5\_

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The charm on Meowth's forehead flashed. A warm golden glow seemed to surround it.

"Yeowwww!" Meowth howled, clutching his charm. "That smarts!"

Jessie jerked her hand back. "I burned my fingers!" she wailed.

James just stood there, feeling like an idiot. "Um, guys?" he ventured.

"What?" snapped his partners in unison, both of whom were obviously still in pain.

"Did it work?"

Jessie looked around. "I don't see anything different," she replied. She glared at the cat. "All this fuss and it doesn't even \_work? What the hell!" She grabbed her fan and aimed for Meowth's head, but James grabbed her elbow.\_

—

"Stop it, Jessie! It's not Meowth's fault," he reminded her. Jessie glared at him and jerked her arm away. James was hurt, but didn't say anything.

Meowth snarled at Jessie. "Serves you right!" he hissed. The cat sulked off to the corner and began to groom himself.

Just then, the videophone rang. Jessie, still directing a scowl towards the world in general, went over to answer. "What is it?" she asked grumpily.

"Do not take that tone with me, Jessica," came the silkily smooth

voice of Giovanni from the phone. His image flickered up on the screen, that of a man in his late 30's, with the trademark Persian on his lap. His face was cloaked in shadows, as always.

Jessie froze in place. Her partner could quite clearly see she was mortified.

# "Now then, to business," the boss continued. "Do you have the books?"

"Yes, sir," James replied. He gestured towards the stack of books on the table.

"Very good," the older man said approvingly. "Perhaps I misjudged you three after all." The trio smiled at the compliment, something they had not heard in a long time.

"I have important news for you and your partner, James," Giovanni informed him. He looked very foreboding. "Due to urgent private matters, I will be away for a few weeks from the base. Seeing as you and Jessie are senior members of the team, I am reassigning you temporarily to HQ. You will be running things while I'm gone. Understood?"

James' jaw almost hit the ground at that, but he quickly recovered. Next to him, Jessie gave off a quick salute.

"Yes, sir! We won't let you down!" she said crisply.

"What about me, boss?" Meowth asked plaintively.

Giovanni eyed his Pok  mon. "I have been neglecting you of late, haven't I? You will accompany myself and Persian on our trip." He turned his attention back to the humans. "I expect to see you at the Viridian offices at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Until then." His image faded from the screen.

The three just gaped at each other for roughly a minute. Then all hell broke loose.

"It worked! Ohmigod, ohmigod, it worked! We did it!" Jessie shrieked happily.

"We just went from worst to first!" James piped up.

Meowth was running around, purring "I'm gonna be top cat again, I'm gonna be top cat again  !"

Suddenly Jessie stopped.

"What's wrong, Jess?" James inquired, noting her distress

"It's not permanent," she pointed out sadly. "You heard the boss. It's only for a few weeks."

James smiled at her and put an arm around her shoulder.

"Who cares? Let's just enjoy it while it lasts," he whispered to her. The female Rocket smiled and snuggled up to him, doubling James' level of bliss.



\_This is as good as it gets\_, he thought happily.

\* \* \*

In his office in the Viridian City Gym, which had been rebuilt after Jessie and James' last visit, the head of Team Rocket laughed.

"Such foolishness," he murmured to Persian. "As if I would actually let those pathetic wastes of space run my precious organization for five minutes, let alone weeks! Well, no matter. Soon, we'll be safe, as well as free from the taint they place on the name of Team Rocket."

Persian purred and curled up in her master's lap.

## To be continuedâ€|

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## 6. Viridian

> <meta name="ProgId"> Charmed

Charmed

By Jillypuff

\_Rating: PG-13\_

# Part 6

Jessie looked around at the beautiful metropolis they had just arrived in. Viridian City was a bustling little city close to the headquarters of the Indigo League that boasted its own Gym and PokÃ©center. It also happened to be the place where Giovanni, the head of Team Rocket, made his home and office.

She grinned over at her partner, who was fidgeting impatiently beside her. James was in disguise as a male for once, in a nice T-shirt and shorts that complemented her tank top and miniskirt. The books they hadâ€|appropriated from the library were in a backpack slung carelessly on his shoulder. Behind them, Meowth was walking on all fours with a collar around his neck, pretending to be their pet.

"Much better then the last time we came here, right James?" she asked teasingly.

He nodded eagerly. "Much better! No more Team Twerp to deal with!"

"Yeah, they're off in the Lemon League or something," added Meowth.

Jessie grabbed him and clamped a hand over his mouth, looking around to make sure no one else had heard the cat. "Shut up, you stupid furball!" she snarled at him. "No one's supposed to know you can talk!"

Meowth glared at her furiously, no doubt because of the furball reference, and nodded. The Rocketeer put him down, where he promptly proceeded to walk about six feet away from them.

The young woman softened a bit. I was too hard on him, she thought. She was about to go over and apologize, but James grabbed her arm.

"We're here," he informed her, waving his arm at the Greco-Roman style Pokémon gym, newly rebuilt since the egg thing had blown it up.

Jessie nodded at him, trying to mask the mixture of excitement and nervousness in her mind. "Let's go."

\* \* \*

Meowth followed the two human members of his team into the gym, shooting dirty looks at them. He still didn't really want his charm's wishes being used up. It gave him an uneasy feeling in the pit of his stomach. Plus, Jessie insisted on insulting him even though he had agreed to help them.

Oh, well, he sighed. What're you gonna do? Two men in centurion uniforms stepped up to them at that point, interrupting his train of thought. The guards quickly recognized the trio and moved to the side, allowing them access to Giovanni's office.

He was sitting there behind his desk as usual, the damnable Persian at his feet. The beautiful Pokémon got up and slinked over to Meowth, giving him a once-over.

"Meowth," she purred, in the language only Pokémon spoke. "Still as mangy as ever, I see."

"Well, you're still as bitchy as ever!" Meowth snarled back. Persian simply smirked at him and went over to Giovanni, rubbing against his leg. He bent over and picked her up and started to brush her fur. Persian meowed gently, watching her unevolved counterpart with an amused expression on her face.

"0800 hours on the dot," his master remarked. "Very good. Now, where are the books?"

"Here you go, sir!" James responded perkily, and swung the backpack off his shoulder. He dropped it on the desk and started to empty out the books.

Giovanni looked at him icily. "Leave them in the bag, you fool! I'm taking them with me," he ordered the bishounen coldly. James sweatdropped and began putting the books back. The leader of Team Rocket sighed.

"And to think that this is whom I'm leaving my precious organization to while I'm gone," he muttered. The two humans both

stiffened at once, worried that Giovanni had had a change of heart. He gave them a disgusted look. "Oh, quit worrying. Seeing as I have no one else to leave matters to, you two will have to do for now." They both relaxed.

Meowth finally got up the courage to speak up. "What about me, boss?" he inquired.

"As I told you before, you will come with myself and Persian here." Persian let out a small snort, which Giovanni pretended not to hear. He turned to Jessie. "Where is Meowth's Pok  ball?"

"Right here, sir!" she said smartly, handing him the wretched contraption that Meowth had been locked into only two nights before. Giovanni nodded and pulled a complementing ball from his belt.

"Meowth, Persian, return," he commanded. Meowth didn't fight the pull of the ball for once, trying to show off his obedience to his trainer. He was pleased to note that Persian was fighting like mad to avoid the beam, but that she too was sucked in, having only succeeded in making a fool out of herself. That was the last thing he thought before entering the emptiness that was his home.

\* \* \*

James watched as Giovanni stood and placed the two balls on his belt, next to the ones that contained Rhydon, Kingler, and Machop. He picked up the backpack and nodded gravely at Jessie and James, and then was gone.

Once he was gone, James turned to Jessie with a huge grin on his face. "Woohoo!" he cried. He picked her up and swung her around. "This is it, Jess! We hit the big time! Let's enjoy it while it lasts, neh?"

"You better believe it!" Jessie retorted. An evil smile lit up her face. "Oooh, if only that little slut Cassidy could see me now from her jail cell! She'd have an aneurysm!"

"Yeah! Serves her and that Botch guy right," James agreed. He held out his arm for Jessie to take. "Shall we go survey our operations, Jessica?"

She smiled and hooked her elbow into his. "But of course, James." The two walked out, unaware of just how soon their happiness would crumble.

To be continued  

## 7. Consequences

> <meta name="ProgId"> Charmed

Charmed

By Jillypuff

Rating: PG-13

## Part 7

The blond sighed as she was escorted from her jail cell down the hall by a few various Officer Jennies and their dumb Growlithes. She wondered idly how Butch was doing, and if he had blabbed to the authorities yet. \_But it doesn't really matter now\_, she reminded herself. After all, she had made up her mind.

She was going to confess.

One of the Jennies sat her down at a table in handcuffs. The officer began to pace, while the others sat down and watched.

"Now listen here, you dirty poacher!" she barked out. "Are you going to tell us where Team Rocket's boss is, or do we have to put you in solitary for another week?"

The young woman looked down at her feet. She didn't want to betray Giovanni like this, but she was sure he was prepared for things like this. She looked back up at the blue-haired woman and nodded.

"I'll talk," she whispered.

Jenny smiled patronizingly at her. "That's great! Now, where is Team Rocket Headquarters?"

The girl couldn't bear to look her captor in the eyes as she muttered, "In the Viridian City Gym."

All the Jennies gasped, and immediately started talking mutedly to each other, while the Growlithes barked. The leader of the women sat down grinning.

And Cassidy let out a shuddering sigh, wondering how much of her soul had just been lost by selling out on the organization that had been a family to her.

\* \* \*

"Meowth, Fury Swipes! OK, Fury Swipes it is!" yelled the battle-impassioned cat. He, Persian, and Giovanni had been in beautiful Costa del Sol for the last three days, training and having a good time. At that moment, they were having a mock battle, with Giovanni ordering Persian's attacks, and Meowth taking care of himself.

"Persian, Agility," ordered Giovanni stoically. The pampered creature tried to avoid Meowth's claws, but she was a housecat, as opposed to him, who had grown up on the streets of Hollywood. His attack felled her easily, and she collapsed. Giovanni nodded approvingly, and went off to find some Potion.

Looking at the female cat lying at his feet, Meowth was amazed to find a small inkling of pity for her. True, she was a Persian, the most despicable of despicable, but she wasn't a fighter, and he had still gone full out on her.

\_Maybe I should have been easier on her\_, he thought reluctantly. He went over to the classy cat and nosed her. "You all right?" he asked

gruffly.

"Don't touch me, you filthy creature!" she hissed, pulling away from him as if he was poison.

Meowth was injured by her harsh words, though he chose not to say it. "Fine, have it your way, bitch," he muttered, sauntering off and almost running into his master as he came back with the medicine for Persian.

"Hold still, Persian," he murmured as he gently dabbed the Potion in her cuts. She meowed slightly and scurried off to a corner, obviously feeling better. Giovanni sweatdropped and turned to Meowth.

"Good job out there," he informed the cat, gently scratching him behind the ears just where he liked it. Meowth felt a surge of happiness he had not felt since he was top cat. Suddenly, he didn't give a Rattata's ass about Persian.

Giovanni smiled at him. "You've definitely gotten a lot stronger while you've been dealing with Jessie and James. You should be ready to evolve in no time."

With those words, Meowth felt like his heart was going to explode. Out of the corner of his eye, he could swear he saw Persian looking at him with compassion, but he couldn't care less at that moment.

"Sir," he said tightly, "I thought we'd agreed that I didn't have to evolve unless I wanted to." That had been one of the conditions Giovanni had agreed to when he hired Meowth to work for Team Rocket.

Giovanni looked at him blankly for a moment, then realization swept across his face. "Oh, that," he replied. "Dear God, Meowth, are you still refusing to evolve? Don't you want to grow up and find a mate and get stronger?"

"Not at the expense of who I am!" Meowth retorted. Giovanni rolled his eyes and left. Persian, looking curious, strolled over.

"So, furball," she began. "What is it that you have against Persians?"

Meowth bristled internally at the much-hated name, but ignored it.

"They're too damn stuck-up and arrogant for their own good," he replied. "Of the three I've had any real interaction with, one stole away my Meowsie, one replaced me for Cassandra, and then you stole my position as top cat."

Persian nodded. "I suppose those are good reasons. But if you don't want to evolve, then why did you use one of your wishes?" Seeing her counterpart's dumbfounded gaze, she chuckled. "All Persians can tell how many wishes any Meowth has left. We're attuned to it."

The tomcat shrugged. "Jessie and James kept bugging me," he told her. "But I didn't really want to." He then proceeded to tell her what had occurred. As Meowth finished his story, Persian looked more and more

dismayed.

"Oh, dear," she muttered. "Meowth, what have you done!"

Meowth looked up at her, very confused. "Huh?" \_What did \_I\_ do?\_

"Don't you know anything, you stupid creature?" Persian said in a disgusted tone. "If a wish is used when the Meowth doesn't want it to be, that wish is cursed. It will invariably turn on its caster." She cocked her head. "Oh, \_that \_explains why Giovanni-" The cat suddenly shut up, realizing she had said too much.

But it was too late. Meowth turned on her and pinned her to the ground.

"Explains \_what\_? What did Giovanni do?" he snarled at her.

The feline whimpered underneath of him. "I'm not supposed to tell!" she wailed.

"Tell me!" he growled. "'Or I'll rip that pretty little jewel right off your head!"

"Cassidy confessedâ€|" she began slowly, "â€|and she told where the base isâ€|and Giovanni never liked your teamâ€|" She paused, but Meowth shook her impatiently, causing her to finish rapidly.

"â€|sohe'ssettingthemuptotakethefallinsteadofhimandpleasedon'tkillme!" she screeched.

Meowth dropped her, stunned at the idea of Giovanni betraying his partners. Sure, they weren't the most successful team, and he did prefer to cut his lossesâ€|but how could he do this?

\_It's all my fault\_, a little voice in his head whispered to him. \_If you hadn't let Jessie make that wish, you'd all be in the cabin right now, making more useless plans to catch Pikachu and watching the two idiots build up sexual tension. All your faultâ€|\_

\_No way! \_he retorted angrily. \_Even if it was my charm that made the wish, it was Giovanni who did this. I'll go talk to him. Maybe I can still bring him to reason.\_

And so the cat dashed off, in search of his master and betrayer.

\* \* \*

Persian watched as the brave young PokÃ©mon dashed off to try to save his friends. She shook her head, amazed at his foolhardiness. \_Does he \_want\_ Giovanni to kill him?\_

"Meowthâ€|" she began, and then paused, sorting for all the new thoughts and feelings she had for him. A few hours ago, she had felt nothing but contempt. But now, for some strange reason, Persian found herself on his side.

"â€|Good luck," she finished.

\_You're going to need it.\_

\* \* \*

Jessie propped her legs up on the desk, relaxing. The last few days had been lots of fun for her and James, although it hadn't been \_totally\_ without work. There were those few minutes sorting through all the new PokÃ©mon the other teams had stolenâ€¦ The bishoujo grinned. She was loving every second of this.

James came in, looking as happy as she felt. He quickly sobered and got down to business. "The blue team grabbed a Fearow and a Dewgong today," he announced. "And the red team lost their mascot. A Mankey, I believe."

The Rocketeer nodded. "Make sure to give Calamity and Jane a bonus next payday," she responded. "Will and Bonny lost Mankey, huh? Hmmmâ€¦ give them Raticate. He's been idle since Butch and Cassidy were arrested again."

James nodded and grabbed Raticate's PokÃ©ball from the shelf. He left the office. Jessie went back to her daydream, which involved the beach and a familiar blue-haired bishounen attending her and rubbing sunscreen on her backâ€¦

Before it progressed much further though, said bishounen came running back in at breakneck speed. "Jessie!" he hollered. "Get up! We've got to get out of here!"

Jessie was up in a flash. "What's going on?" She ran over to her partner. "James, tell me!"

"Jessie, we're-

At that moment, the Viridian Officer Jenny, along with five deputies and six Growlithes, came storming in. "Freeze, crooks!" she yelled, as the Growlithes growled menacingly in agreement.

"-being raided," James finished weakly.

Before either could move, two deputies had grabbed hold off their arms and were searching their bodies. Arbok and Lickitung were grabbed from Jessie, while James was relieved of Weezing, Victreebell, and Raticate. The two were handcuffed and dragged outside by a gloating Jenny. "At last, we've apprehended the leaders of Team Rocket!" she said perkily.

"Leaders?" James asked shakily.

"Don't try to deny it, pretty boy! We know who you are. We had inside information," Jenny said smugly.

Out of the cop car came a blonde convict with awful hair, escorted by another two guards. Jessie's heart wrenched as she recognized her ex-best friend.

"You bitch!" she screamed at Cassidy.

\* \* \*

Cassidy was bewildered for a moment when she saw Jessie and James brought out before her, but then she realized what had happened. \_Giovanni must have known what I was doing and set up these two to take the fall\_, she reasoned.

"Now, tell us the truth, you dirty brat," Jenny said cheerfully. "Are these two the leaders of Team Rocket?"

Next to Jenny, Jessie raised her head wearily and looked right at Cassidy.

"Don't," she whispered.

Cassidy looked away, filled with guilt at what she was going to do.

I'm sorry, Jess. But I can't help you. God knows what they'll do to me if they find out that they didn't catch the leaders of Team Rocket. And I can't betray Giovanni again.

\_Please forgive me.\_

"Yes," she replied in a low voice. "That's them."

Jenny grinned and motioned for the deputies to take them away. James looked at Cassidy with bewilderment and disbelief. As for Jessie, Cassidy couldn't bear to look at her.

The pair was loaded on the truck. Just before the door closed, Cassidy pulled away from the deputies and put her hand on Jessie's shoulder.

"Jessâ€¦" she began.

Jessie turned and, without warning, spit at Cassidy's face. She barely noticed the saliva dripping off her face, too disheartened by the pure hatred she saw in her once-friend's eyes. Without a word, Jessie pulled away and stepped into the car. The deputies ran over and grabbed Cassidy, letting the police cruiser drive off. One pulled out a gun and kept a bead on Cassidy, ensuring that she wouldn't run off again.

But she was too busy crying to even consider it.

To be continuedâ€¦

## 8. Second Wish

> <meta name="ProgId"> Charmed

Charmed

\_by Jillypuff \_

\_Rating: PG-13\_

# Part 8

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Meowth burst into Giovanni's office. "How could you!" he snarled.

Giovanni looked down at him, slightly startled, but choosing not to show it. "How could I what, Meowth?" he asked calmly.

"You betrayed them!" Meowth hissed. "Jessie and James trusted you, and you led them like Tauros to the slaughter, you monster!"

The boss shrugged. "Oh, that," he replied. "It was for the best. They were an obstacle in our path to glory."

"They're my friends!" retorted the Pok  mon. He glared venomously at Giovanni. "They treated me better than you ever did," he added softly.

The true leader of Team Rocket sighed. His cat was starting to get on his nerves. "Listen to me, Meowth," he said softly. "The Jennies were closing in on me. Cassidy had told them where HQ was. I had to set someone else up to take the fall. Jessie and James are incompetent fools. They are no loss to us, and it gives us time to regroup. Now do you understand?" He stared at Meowth intently, wondering what the Pok  mon's answer would be.

The cat paced back and forth, then looked up at Giovanni, determination in his eyes. "I'll never understand," he said coldly. "I resign from the team as of now. I'm outta here." With that, Meowth moved towards the door.

Giovanni shook his head. "I don't think so." He picked up Meowth's Pok  ball and tossed it at him.

"Meowth, ret-" he began, but was cut off as the ball was caught by Meowth and crushed under his hind paws. The Pok  mon grinned up at him.

"Ooops," he said sarcastically.

Giovanni glared at the cat. "If you leave, don't expect to live to see tomorrow, furball," he said dangerously. "No one leaves Team Rocket alive. No one."

"We'll see about that," said Meowth. He moved to the doorway and paused, giving one last look at the office. Then he was gone, almost knocking Persian over as she came running in. She jumped onto his lap and meowed, demanding in her own way to know what had happened.

Giovanni smiled and petted her. "Don't worry," he whispered in her perked up ear. "You just lost your only challenger as top cat." Ignoring Persian's sudden tenseness, he dialed up his secretary on his cell phone. "Hello? This is the boss. Tell the operatives to keep a low profile. And if they see Meowth, Jessie, James, or Cassidyâ€|

"â€|Eliminate them."

\* \* \*

Persian stared blankly after Meowth as her master ordered the cat's death. \_You idiot! \_she cursed silently at him. \_You really \_do\_ have a death wish, don't you? \_The fancy cat sighed. \_Stupid, foolhardy, obnoxious, brave, adorable-aaah! What the hell am I thinking?\_

The PokÃ©mon sighed. She had fallen for the mongrel. Hard.

\_If you go and get yourself killed, Meowth, \_she thought darkly, \_I'll go out there and throttle you myself! \_She realized with disgust how much like a crappy soap opera heroine she sounded like and curled up in a ball, trying to escape her unhappy musings through sleep that wouldn't come.

\* \* \*

Jessie sat on her cot and sighed. It had been three weeks since Cassidy had turned James and herself in. The trial had gone quickly, what with numerous Jennies and Joys talking about their criminal activities, the stupid twerp Ash whining about his Pikachu, his stupid girlfriend moaning about how James had tried to eat the egg thing, all the idiotic hordes of friends Team Twerp had made complaining about the two trying to steal their worthless PokÃ©mon, and Cassidy's blatant lies (Butch had chosen to remain silent,) the trial had ended in about three days. The jury didn't even deliberate a full hour before returning with a unanimous guilty verdict. Now she and James were stuck in this goddamn hellhole.

Poor James. So far, this had been much harder on him than her. When she had seen him at breakfast that morning, she had hardly recognized him. His cheeks were pale and hollow, and his normally beautiful hair fell limply down around his face. How she wished there was something she could do for him. But she was as helpless as he was.

Outside her room, she could hear someone turning the lock on the door. \_Probably one of the guards for a surprise inspection, \_she thought. She lay down, trying to stay out of the way.

"Jess!" a voice hissed at her. She started at the noise. \_Don't I know that voice?\_

"Jessie! It's me! Meowth!" Jessie practically jumped in the air and turned to look at the familiar cat PokÃ©mon.

"Meowth!" she laughed, hugging her friend. "I missed you, furball. How the hell did you get in here?"

He shrugged. "I snuck in. Look, Jess, I'm so sorry about what happened. It's my fault."

"Oh, don't say that. How could you possibly have known?"

"I should have!" he interrupted. "Listen Jessie, this is what happened." He then told her what had happened to him, including what Persian had said about the cursed wishes.

When he finished, Jessie hugged him again. "It's not your fault," she said firmly. "And the thing now is for us to get out of here. Especially James. Have you seen him?"

"Yeah, I caught a glimpse of him," Meowth agreed. "He looks

awful!"

The bishoujo squeezed the cat closer, absentmindedly placing a hand on his forehead. A tear fell from her eye. "Oh, Meowth," she moaned. "I just wish that James was out of here!"

The charm flashed.

Startled, Jessie pulled her hand back. Then she realized what had happened.

"Meowth," the Rocket whispered. "About the wishesâ€|"

The PokÃ©mon shook his head. "I still don't want to use them," he answered.

Jessie's beautiful blue eyes met Meowth's large brown ones. Horror dawned on both their faces. Finally, Meowth summed it up in one word.

"Fuck."

To be continuedâ€|

## 9. Punishment

> <meta name="ProgId"> Charmed

Charmed

By Jillypuff

\_Rating: PG-13\_

# Part 9

--

"Fuck is right!" Jessie yelled. She began to pace around the room. "Damnit, this is all my fault! If only I watched what I saidâ€|"

"Get a hold of yourself!" Meowth yelled, scratching her across the face. "Whining isn't going to help James out now. We need to sit down and think." Jessie nodded and sat back down, not even noticing the scratches on her face. The cat sighed. "Now, let's think this out calmly and rationally. What could possibly be worse then staying here in jail?"

"He could die!" Jessie retorted. \_Oh God, please don't let that happen! \_she cried out internally. \_Anything but that! I know I'm awful to him sometimesâ€|ok, most of the time, but I \_do\_ care, really! If that happenedâ€|I don't know what I'd do.\_

"That's a possibility," Meowth admitted, oblivious to his friend's mental agony. "Only problem with that is that your wish was for James to leave here. It's sort of sidestepping it if James just dies. So what are some other possibilities?"

The young girl shrugged. "I don't know. James is so easy going. Almost nothing seems to bother him or faze him. In fact, the only thing I can think of isâ€¦" Jessie trailed off. The look of horror on her face surpassed the one she had worn only minutes before.

"Jess?" Meowth queried. "What is it? What's so bad for James that it's worse then jail? Answer me, Jess! Jessie?"

His question went unanswered, however, as Jessie collapsed into a dead faint on the floor.

\* \* \*

"Hey, pretty boy! The warden wants to see you! Get your ass over here!" one of the guards yelled across the exercise yard. James sighed and wondered who the poor sap was now. The warden of the prison was a pompous ass who saw nothing wrong with smacking the prisoners around if they broke the rules. James had lucked out insofar as he had yet to be called in to see the man. Then again, his good behavior had earned him resentment from his fellow inmates, who were a lot crueler then the warden could ever hope to be. Currently, James still had bruises over his arms and chest after accidentally stepping on another man's foot the week before. Needless to say, the man had not been pleasedâ€¦

"What's wrong, pretty boy? You're too good to come when you're called?" Only when James' arm was grabbed and he was dragged roughly into the building did he realize that he was the one who was being called. Great, as if my life couldn't get any worse, he thought darkly.

The warden's office was cool and dark, as opposed to the hot and sunny yard. James sat down on a stool in front of the warden's desk. The warden himself was sitting behind the desk, with a seemingly benevolent smile on his face. However, this didn't soothe the bishounen. He had heard too many horror stories about this man to let down his guard. The warden gave him a small smirk, seemingly aware of James' discomfort and enjoying it.

"James Morgan," he purred. "Convicted of poaching, theft, terrorismâ€¦quite a record." James remained silent, determined not to give this man any pleasure. The warden frowned, displeased. "What's the matter, my boy? You should be happy! Or didn't the guards tell you?"

"Tell me what?" the bishounen asked, rather lost.

"Despite your crimes, the courts were convinced into releasing you into protective custody. You're getting out of here," the man told him.

James sat there for a moment, stunned. Then the words began to sink in, and a giant grin crossed his face. The boss didn't abandon us! He's getting us out of here! Who else would go to all that trouble and expense?

"This is great!" he yelled, tossing his hands into the air. "Where's Jessie? Can I be the one to tell her, or does she know already?"

The warden frowned again at that. "Jessie?" he asked, confused. The

Rocket blinked. \_Wait a minute, if we're both getting out, why does he know my name and not Jessie's?\_

The older man tapped his chin, and then smiled. "Ah, Jessica Miyamoto, your partner. She is remaining here. She was not part of the deal."

All of the happiness in James seemed to drain from his body, to be replaced with angry questions. His arms dropped limply to his sides, as his mind whirled. \_What the hell? Why would the boss get me out and not her? Unless it's not Giovanni freeing us—but who else could it be?\_

"Come along, my boy, your rescuer is waiting," the warden said as he stood. James followed obediently, still wondering whom his mysterious benefactor was. The bishounen was not to be left wondering for long. As he was led out into the courtyard, a familiar voice cut through his thoughts like soft butter.

"James dearest! I've finally found you again!" it called out with a thick Southern accent. James froze. \_Oh dear God, no—!\_

There she stood, her tainted beauty a mockery of Jessie's sweet features. Her red hair fell in ringlets around her face, framing a venomous smile. She was garbed in a blood red dress, with her precious Vileplume at her side.

"Now that I've found you, I'll never let you out my sight again, sweetness! We'll be together forever!" she squealed. "Of course, we'll have to rid you of all those nasty lower-class habits you picked up from that scum you were consorting with last time I saw you—"

James simply stared at the sight of his worst nightmare come to life. His suddenly dry lips opened, and a hoarse whisper emerged from his throat.

"Jessiebelle—"

To be continued—

End  
file.